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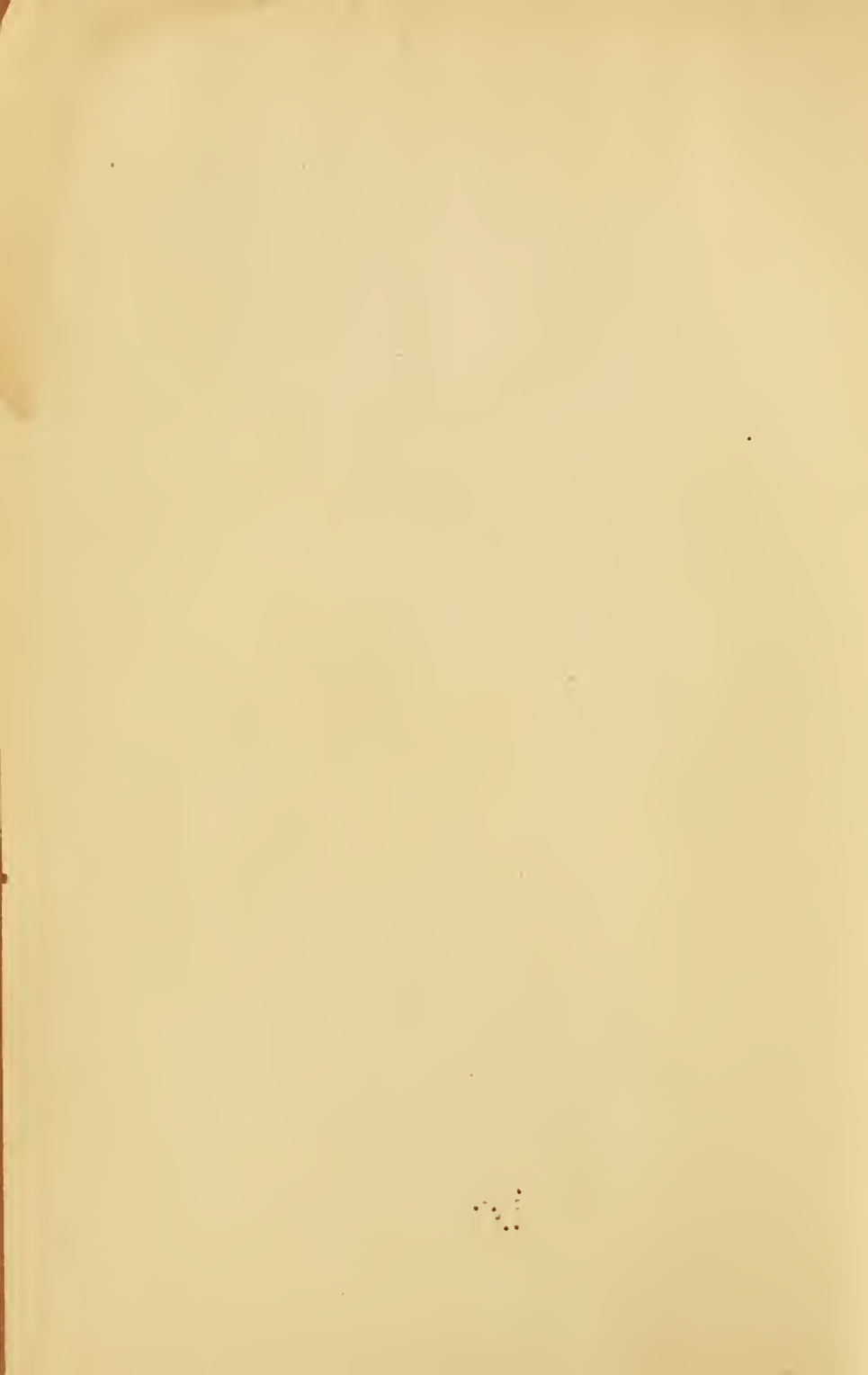
D. Porter West's

Early History of Pope County

A Story

"Only a Small Family"
Lee Barnes' Confession
"Arkansaw Traveler"
Etc., Etc.

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PREFACE.

This little book contains a synopsis of the early history of Pope County, its first settlements, County sites, Churches, Courts, *brief mention* of the wars of 1836, 1846, 1861, also Brooks and Baxter. Also an agricultural Allegory and a new year story to amuse lawyers, encourage young men, please children, gratify and defend the ladies, for whom and to whom, I have written and dedicated, for their gratification and defense, as you will see. "Only A Small Family," makes enough work for one little woman.

I am now in my 75th year. This little token of *remembrance* I submit for inspection, hoping that its contents may be instructive and gratifying to many children, grand-children and great grand-children, whose parents' names appear in this book. It also contains the confession of Lee Barnes in full. I here attach extract from the Russellville Courier-Democrat, of July 27, 1905: "Perhaps no other living man is so well acquainted with the County of Pope as Mr. West, who has watched with interest its advancement in all its stages. He has written a series of articles for county papers on the early history of the County, dating from 1828, and upon perusal of many of his writings, we find them gotten up in an interesting and complete manner, and displaying quite a literary talent. His writings on Pope County would truly be valuable in book form." I did not write the articles for a book, but after they appeared and were read, I was solicited by my friends, Capt. J. R. Homer Scott, Hon. Charles E. Tobey, F. M. Hudson and many others, who were contemporaries, to have them published for preservation, for the posterity of those whose names appear therein.

Most respectfully,

D. PORTER WEST.



EARLY HISTORY OF POPE COUNTY

By D. PORTER WEST

ARTICLE I.

NORRISTOWN AND DWIGHT

Dover, Ark., Feb. 11, 1903.

In compliance with your request, I pencil you a short article. If there were plenty of old time acquaintances, such as my friend Capt. Jno. R. Homer Scott, I could enter upon this task with ease and pleasure.

I was born in Cross Plains, Robinson county, Tenn., June 30, 1831. My father immigrated to Arkansas and landed at Old St. Martin, near Scotia, on May 7th, 1839. We remained on Big Piney a short time, and when Dover was selected in 1842 for county side, (in the woods) we moved here and this place has been my home since. There was no postoffice, but Mathew T. Logan, within 1-2 mile was postmaster. He employed me to ride the mail for him every Saturday; the other postoffice at Old Dwight Mission, 4 miles west of the prairie, where Russellville is now located. I was paid two-bits a week; and to get a letter from Tennessee cost two-bits cash, paid on receipt of the letter. The postoffice

at Dwight was kept by Joe and Bob Davidson. At this time and place, I met and made the acquaintance of Hon. Jesse S. Hayden; the father of Mrs. Ella Crownover, Misses Cary, Lucy and Will Hayden of Dardanelle. I was at the double wedding when Hon. Jesse S. Hayden married Miss Clara, and G. W. Holledger and Miss Tennie Rye, daughters of Mr. Stephen Rye.

The postoffice was soon moved to old Norristown, Sam'l Norris, postmaster. I still rode the mail, this move caused me to pass through the prairie where the beautiful and flourishing city of Russleville now stands. There were only four houses in sight from the cross roads, Dr. Thos. Russell, Dan Petray, Coke Darnell and Madison Shinn. My first acquaintances were Sam'l M. Hays, Judge Andrew Scott, Jno. R. Homer Scott, James Madden, Dr. Jno. Wilson, father of R. J. Wilson, Joseph Brearley, who laid off and plotted the town of Dover.

In 1830 the Missionaries removed to the Cherokee nation and formed what was called New Dwight. Old Dwight was left in possession of A. W. Lyon who afterwards moved to Batesville. Mr. Lyon came to this county about the year 1828 from the state of New Jersey. During the years 1830 and 1831 he taught school at Dwight, and boarded a portion of his pupils, who were youths from different parts of the then territory a few of whom I will name; Major Ben Duvall of Ft. Smith, Franklin Desha of Batesville and our old and respected citizen Hon. John R. Homer Scott and his brother, Augustus. Mr. Lyon was an able and efficient teacher, and I think taught the first school of any consequence within the original limits of Pope county, which extended west to Crawford county line, south to the mountains, dividing the waters of Arkansas and Red Rivers, east to the Conway county line, north to the top of the Boston Mountain, near the divide between the waters of the Arkansas and White Rivers (quite a little State in territory).

Norristown was settled in 1829, by Samuel Norris, of Pennsylvania from whom the place took its name. Norristown was the home of the gifted Edward Washburn for a number of years. Washburn's "Arkansas Traveler" has ac-

quired a world wide fame, and might have been a source of immense income to the family. Norristown was the birthplace of my wife, Miss Kate Hallock daughter of Major Daniel Hallock of Pennsylvania afterwards step-daughter of the late Mr. Henry Kirchhof of Dover—also I think it was the birthplace (there is where I first saw him) of Mr. Ed Langford who was killed at Cassville, Mo., who I think married a Miss Abbie Washburn and was father-in-law of the esteemed editor of the Record who married a Miss Langford.

The first county site (temporarily) of the original limits of the county was Scotia, on the Arkansas river about two and one-half miles below the mouth of Big Piney, on the north bank, now known as the Jesse May place. Commissioners were then appointed to locate a county site of whom John Williamson was one, I do not remember the others. Said commissioners located the site about one mile below the mouth of Big Piney on the north bank of the Arkansas river, and called the place Benton. Before their report was confirmed the county of Johnson was formed in the fall of 1833, and Old Dwight made the temporary county site, at which place two or more courts were held by Judge Johnson.

Commissioners were again appointed and located the site at Norristown, some time in the year 1834, at which place the site remained until the county of Yell was formed in the year 1842. Soon after commissioners were again appointed, Henry Stinnet and Rev. James Bruton, and they located the site of Pope county at Dover.

ARTICLE II.

STATE AND RUSSELLVILLE

Having heretofore given the status of the county I will now refer to the State and City of Russellville. For the formation of a State government the territorial legislature passed an act in the fall of 1835 authorizing the election of delegates to frame a State constitution, which election took

place in November 1835. There was one delegate each and one at large for Pope and Johnson counties. Thomas Murry, Jr. was delegate from Pope county, and Hon. Andrew Scott delegate at large. The convention convened January 1836 and State constitution framed, and the State admitted into the Union the same year. The first circuit court held under the new State government was held by Hon. Charles Caldwell at Norristown, Col. J. J. Clendenin prosecuting attorney, James B. Logan clerk; and Samuel M. Hays (a brother-in-law of mine) sheriff, who executed the first man ever hung in the county and John W. Quinn the second. The first was a man by the name of Brown, hung at Norristown for wife killing, from what is now Yell county. The second was Lee Barns, hung at Dover, May 21st 1836, for the killing of Holman, near Plummerville, Conway county, by change of venue. The judges who presided on down to 1876 were; C. C. Brown, W. W. Floyd, Wm. Fields, J. J. Clendenen, J. J. Green, Thos. Boles, W. N. May and Hon. W. W. Mansfield.

The latitude of the county is near the belt between the cotton and grain region, hence is adapted to the growth of almost any product, common to the United States. Now let us take a stenographer and kodak and select an eminence at cross roads in the prairie and sketch from 1836 to 1876 a period of 40 years, leaving out last 27 years. The prairie is three miles north of Arkansas river and is surrounded by a fair farming country. In 1846 a young man whose name was Jacob L. Shinn organized Symp Moffit's company of mounted men, which company was called into the service of the United States by the president of the United States under the act of congress calling for volunteers approved May 13th, 1846. During the time they were preparing to get ready to march, they were called together for the purpose of drilling, the music furnished was by Matison Shinn fifer, and Daniel Hallock of Norristown drummer. The company prepared commissary wagons and the day set for them to leave was a big day. They mounted their horses and under the firing of cannon, started on the line of march to join Gen. Taylor in Mexico. I can't describe the scene, it was really heart rending to see mothers parting with sons,

wives with husbands, sweethearts and lovers, and friends shaking hands with friends, perhaps for the last time. Many never returned, Capt. Symp Moffit never returned. Going to Mexico at that time was harrowing to think of much less to face an infuriated foe. No railroads, no telegraphs. After a battle it took months to get particulars.

At the close of the war Mr. Jake Shinn returned home in 1847. He had saved his wages and opened up a small store; pointing west opposite to Mr. Hugh Wells. Shortly afterwards a number of neighbors from the settlement of the prairie casually met, and the question of a name for the town arose and the subject was discussed pro and con. Mr. Shinn's friends claimed the name upon the ground of his having the first store, Mr. Russell's for occupying the first house. The vote was taken and the result was the town was named Russellville.

Mr. Shinn was a representative man of Russellville and a prime factor in the most gigantic enterprise of the city, the "Mel-Rose" factory. This factory was named by my friend, Capt. John R. H. Scott. He named it for two young ladies, Miss Melvina Jamison, a niece of his and sister of Mr. James Alston Jamison of Russellville, and Miss Rose Patterson, who is now with Mrs. Lenora Augustus Howell and Capt. Scott of your city; hence, "Mel-Rose" factory.

Mr. Shinn was a representative man of the place ever afterward. He was well and favorably known in all commercial circles. He aided in every enterprise for the promotion of the town and county. The situation is most beautiful, being a small prairie, dotted all over with nice little groves of trees. The prairie was settled in 1834 by P. C. Holledger who built the first house. The house was purchased the following year by Dr. Thos. J. Russell. Mr. Holledger moved and built near Shiloh on the Dover road. He was a saddler by trade; made and presented me a nice leather whip for bringing his mail from Old Dwight while I rode the mail. The house still stands (did when I was last it that part of the City) in the western part on Main street. The chimney at the east end of the house was the first stone chimney ever built in Pope county, was built by Mr. Maddox. Dr. Russell

moved here in 1835 and made this his home continuously (the interval of the rebellion excepted) until the year 1865, the date of his death, at his home in this place. The town improved but little until the completion of the L. R. & Ft. S. Ry., since that time it has enjoyed a steady growth. Nov. 1876—27 years ago, there was a school of some magnitude, with a neat building and fancy grounds. First by Prof. J. T. Whorton, second by Prof. Haddock. There were 15 stores, one each, tin shop, shoe shop and saddlery shop, 2 blacksmith shops, two carpenter and cabinet shops, 2 cotton gins, 1 flouring mill and wool carding factory, 2 silver smiths, 2 hotels, 1 barber shop, 1 livery stable, 1 market house and 1 saloon. Had two churches, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal. The professions were well represented at that time; 6 doctors, 5 lawyers and one dentist. Of orders and societies, 1 Lodge of I. O. of G. T., 1 lodge of F. A. M. and a fine Sunday-school. The county and town sustained one newspaper, "The Democrat."

ARTICLE III.

The part that Pope county played in the drama of the wars of 1836, '46, '61, and Brooks and Baxter.

Dover, Ark., March 4, 1903.

In this article I will change the tenor of the subject, and give a synopsis of the part that Pope county played in the drama of the wars of 1846, 1861 and the Brooks and Baxter. I would not attempt to give a history of said wars, it would be futile and unnecessary; therefore I do not wish to be misunderstood. It may in some respects, appear indecorous, but I trust my readers will be lenient this time, and turn me loose and let me talk. To speak of wars I must have latitude, hence, as you will see I have visited all the old Forts in the West, the Old Independence Hall on Chest-

nut Street, Philadelphia, the noted bell that was rung at the Declaration of Independence, on July the 4th, 1776. Also the Washington Monument (not completed), saw the exercises and practicing of the trained horses and flying artillery. Also the St. Nicholas Hotel, 517 Broadway, New York City, the Grand Crystal Palace, the second one in the world, (now burned), and so on ad infinitum. The reason that I select this subject, for the present article, is the date is suggestive. On the 4th day of March 1857, this day 46 years ago, I was in the City of Washington, attending President James Buchanan's inauguration and levee at night. I also paid my respects to the world renowned "Smithsonian Institute," and Patent Office: Then and there I met Dr. John I. Stirman and John Jacoway of Dardanelle, the latter, at this time received the appointment of United States Marshal and succeeded S. M. Hays, who received his appointment under President Franklin Pierce and was there giving an account of his stewardship. Also met my well known friends James H. VanHoose, Fayetteville, and Charley Fox Brown. Van Buren, in fact there were a good many people in the city, and it reminded me of Saturday in Russellville and Dover.

I must here state to my readers that they must not be surprised at the frequent appearance of the names of Capt. Scott, Col. Sam Hays and Major West; as you will see, they naturally drift into the current events of early days in Pope County. In a military point of view, the inhabitants have ever been noted for a military spirit and high order of patriotism.

In 1836 about the time of the invasion of Texas by Mexicans, the United States called on Arkansas for one regiment of mounted volunteers, to guard the frontier, bordering on Texas. Col. L. C. Howell raised one company of which J. R. H. Scott and S. M. Hays were Lieutenants; the various companies rendezvoused in the southern part of the State; and were formed into a regiment of which Col. L. C. Howell was made commander. They were stationed for a number of months at Fort Towson, on Red River, in Choctaw Nation, then a short time at Fort Gibson Cherokee Nation, at which

place they were discharged. Bro. S. M. Hays and I passed through Choctow Nation in 1853, (17 years after they were removed and just one half century ago,) while performing the duties of United States Marshal and deputy. We left the main road, a short distance for him to show me Old Fort Towson. There were a few cast cannons, and enough men to take care of and keep up the Fort. He also showed me a little way off, where a portion of the command were so imbued with a desire to try their guns, that they had prepared powder and ball and stationed themselves, when, just in time to avert mutiny, (over Col. Howell and Col. Fowler) calmer persons settled the matter. I'll not chronicle particulars.

In 1846, when the Mexican war came up, Pope County raised two companies most promptly, one of cavalry by Capt. Symp Moffit with J. N. Taylor first Lieutenant, which company was ordered to Mexico to join Gen. Taylor. The day they started was a big day in the prairie of which I gave a little account heretofore. Capt. Moffit died and Lieutenant Taylor was promoted and filled his place as captain. The other company was infantry and raised by my father, Capt. D. West. The Lieutenants were, Caleb Davis, Stephen Rye and Newton Brown, a brother of the well known Hon. Benton J. Brown, of Little Rock, formerly of Van Buren. When all the various companies were formed into a battallion Capt. D. West received the appointment of adjutant major. When this company was complete and all necessary arrangements made, they were called to meet at Dover on the 24th day of June, 1845, formed into line, marched around the public square, under rapid and heavy firing of cannon, took up line of march at 2 p. m. to go to a place near by to camp the first night. It was here as at the prairie a few weeks previous when Capt. Moffit started to Mexico with his company of mounted men to join Gen. Taylor. Parting of mothers and sons, wives and husbands, sweethearts and lovers, and friends shaking hands with friends perhaps for the last time, many of whom never returned. I was going with them to the first camp, when we had got one mile from town the firing ceased, a runner soon overtook us and brought the sad news that Mr. Lowery had accidentally shot and killed himself

while loading the cannon. The company marched to Fort Smith. I have the first Muster Roll before me, and will copy heading thereof. "Muster Roll of Capt. David West, Company B, in the Battalion Regiment of Arkansas Volunteers; commanded by Lieutenant Colonel William Gray; called into the service of the United States by the president of the United States under the act of congress approved May 13th, 1846, from the first day of July 1846 (date of this muster) for the term of 12 months, unless sooner discharged. There are 85 names enrolled on this document and today there are only 5 living to my knowledge to-wit: Melvin Story and Sol Crouch, near Hector, J. E. Duvall, Gum Log, Jake Graves, Logan County and John Whittle, Portland, Ore. My brother, Thos. B. West first seargent, died while stationed at Fort Gibson, of the measles. Please pardon another short digression which I think dates far enough to be entitled to a place in these articles. My father was born in 1792, served in the war of 1812, for which he drew a pension before the act granting pensions to Mexican war veterans was passed, died at the age of 89. He had told me that he had served in every war the United States had ever had against a foreign foe, since the struggle for Independence, which closed July 4th 1776.

ARTICLE IV.

WAR OF 1861, BROOKS AND BAXTER

I have given as best I could, the part that Pope County played in the wars of 1836 and 1846. Now I present a synopsis only of 1861 and Brooks and Baxter, as these are of such recent date that it would be presumptuous in me to try to present my readers any new points, but will merely mention them, to prove that they have not been over-looked.

During the civil war of 1861, at the first tap of the drum, a number of companies were raised most promptly, two of which Capt. Jno. R. H. Scott commanded as a squadron.

The county furnished two colonels of regiments; Col. Ben T. Embry and Col. J. L. Williamson. This Squadron was stationed for a while across the Boston Mountains, at Yellville, perhaps to guard against the 9th Kansas. They were soon moved from their drilling quarters to take part in the approaching struggle which was near at hand. Fortunately my part in this war was rather an easy position. I was assistant quartermaster in Gen. Albert Pike's brigade of Indians while stationed on Rive Blue, near Old Fort Towson, Choctaw Nation. In 1862 the general gave me a pass to come home. I have it before me and will give a true copy. "Permit D. P. West to pass, A. Pike." I'll refer to this later on. After a few days rest I received a big envelope, lo and behold it was an imperative summons, October 12, 1862, to forthwith attend the Confederate States court at Little Rock as grand juror. I had A. Pike's pass, so I went. Maj. Wassel, of some notoriety, was foreman. The jury found about half a cotton basket full of true bills of which I never heard again. In about two weeks it adjourned. When I returned home, Gen. Pike had been removed, so I have been going on that pass to this day.

How could I do any better than to pay my respects to this gentleman. Gen. Albert Pike perhaps, possessed more attributes of greatness than any man in the State, which were well known to his contemporaries, as a lawyer, orator, statesman, poet, general and mason. He was a beacon light in Free Masonry and stood at the head of that fraternity in the State of Arkansas. He was an associate of my friend Hon. James Van Hoose of Fayetteville who was also recognized throughout the State as a Mason. In all the above attributes Gen. Pike stood eminently high. I am unable to find language, adequate to express my esteem and appreciation of this gentleman, I hope my readers will pardon me for this digression, for I deem it a privilege and a duty to hold such men in esteem and remembrance.

The last and rather extraordinary, the so called Brooks and Baxter war, one company was most promptly raised and went to the capitol for the defense of Baxter and state government. Such has been the spirit of the population and extraordinary love of liberty and deep rooted hatred to

oppression, gave rise to the many difficulties to inforce what is known as reconstruction with disfranchisement, with all its attendant horror, oppression, the few domineering and ruling the many, hence the county remained for a series of years almost in a state of war, until the new Constitution of 1874 removed the shackles of oppression; since which time a more peaceable and law abiding county does not exist in the United States. In this last Brooks and Baxter war, I also lost another brother, Daniel Webster West. Extract from Little Rock Gazette. "Friends of Webster West ask space for a few lines. West was a soldier in Gov. Baxter's army, a member of Capt. John Hale's company. He was accidentally shot while on picket guard. To Gov. Baxter's generosity we desire to do honor. Accept thanks for the splendid burial garments and metallic case, provided for our much esteemed friend. To the kind hearted ladies of Little Rock, who with their delicate hands decorated the case with rare and lovely flowers and the young men who escorted his remains home, to Dover, many thanks are due." Parents and friends of Dan West.

ARTICLE V.

EARLY OFFICERS

I will change the order of this article a little and give the names of our early officers, for the information and gratification of their descendants, and then visit Atkins.

SENATORS.

In 1831, Isaac Hughes. 1833 John Williamson, who continued in succession up to the year 1851: G. W. Lemoyne, W. W. Foyd, A. J. Ward. 1862 Col. Ben. T. Emery—closed by the war. The counties Pope and Johnson, formed a senatorial district for 4 or 5 elections; Pope and Conway one, Pope and Yell for a number of years. First after the war was Jordan E. Cravens; Reconstruction, 1868 Rev. Zack Keeton, 1872 a Mr. Thomas. Under the new constitution, ratified 1874, Hon. Chas. E. Toby.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM 1831 TO 1876.

The representatives of the original limits of Pope County for the year 1831, Hon. Andrew Scott; 1833 Wesley Garret, Johnson County was now formed; 1835 Col. L. C. Howell; 1838 J. M. Morse; from this date up to 1845, Rev. Pleasant Tarkett, Rev. John Bruton, Sr; and O. Sadler; from 1846 S. M. Hays, Jas. Logan, C. E. Tobey, Jas. Bruton, Jr., after which on down to 1862 Matison Shinn. J. I. Stirman, Jas. Bruton, W. A. Barker, Maj. D. West, J. S. Bowden and Dr. Jno. McFadden. After the war, 1866, C. E. Tobey. Time of reconstruction 1868, Walter Brashears, 1870 N. H. Clellen, 1872 Y. B. Shapard. Under new constitution ratified 1874; N. D. Shinn.

COUNTY TREASURERS.

None until State Government, D. F. Williamson, the first and was continued for ten years; successors James M. Patterson (father of Miss Rose), Walter F. Scott, brother and brother-in-law of Capt. J. R. H. Scott. Walter moved to California in 1849 or 1850 and died there. Dr. G. R. Davis, who was a citizen of Dover, and died here, was father of Hon. Marcellus L. Davis, the well and favorably known lawyer of Dardanelle, who was born in Dover, Wm. S. Johnson, Ben Young, Sr., H. Erwin and S. R. Parker. I was a candidate against him in 1860; he carried his violin and crutches the whole round of the campaign, and with those auxillaries beat me 8 votes in the county.

ATKINS.

We will pass by Hebron, Perry Station, Benton, Scotia, Bolesville and Georgetown as they were ephemeral. Atkins, 27 years ago, at 3 years old; a flourishing young town, on the F. S. & L. R. Ry. Dirt was broken for the first building in the place by E. A. Darr, one of the representative men of the town and leading merchant. In July or August 1873 he erected a store and dwelling. During the same summer and fall the following acquisitions were added: Emery & Emery, Waisonant & Dicky, Darr & Darr, merchants, Whiteside & Whiteside, druggists, and later J. M. Guest, Mourning &

Bro., N. Holderfield, afterward Holderfield & Guest. There was one church, Methodist Episcopal, one school by Rev. O. H. Tuckey and lady; one Sabbath-school superintended by Rev. O. H. Tucker. There was a Lodge each of A. F. & A. M., I. O. O. F. and I. O. G. T. A terpsichorean league, a base ball club, constituted the other societies of the town. Of professional men there were three physicians of acknowledged ability and skill; Drs. Whiteside, Potts and Warren. Of lawyers, not one. Hotels, one; livery stable, one and a very fine mill nearly completed.

ARTICLE VI.

DOVER, THE HISTORIC TOWN OF THE STATE

Dover in 1842. The first settlers were Capt. Scott, Webster Jamison, M. T. Logan, Peter Finger, J. E. Manley, A. J. Bayliss, D. James, D. West, Sam Loupe, Tom Moss, who built the first grocery—there were no saloons in those days—the room still stands, northeast of public square and is owned by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Rowland, mother-in-law of Mr. T. M. Neal of Russellville and George Morrell of Morrilton. Bettis Alston and Rance Bettis built the first store. This room still stands on the northwest corner. These are the only two original rooms in the place. Alston and Bettis came here from the old Spadra Coal mines near Clarksville. I was at the mines in 1840 and they were operated then. Robert Cunningham, father of Judge Geo. S. Cunningham of Dardanelle, built the first hotel, on the southeast corner of Water street. The whole town, including court house (except a few on the north side) was burned in April, 1865, by five men called "bushwhackers," all dead but one, he's gone.

In 1853 this was the best town between Little Rock and Fort Smith. In the month of May of that year the first railroad meeting ever held in the state, in regard to the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad was held here, it being equi-

distant between the two places. That meeting was largely attended and well represented by men of stamina, ability and wealth. The company was organized, stock taken, etc., and a Mr. Barney employed to make a preliminary survey. It moved on slowly until the approximation of the war, then lay dormant a few years, but so soon as the smoke of the war cleared away, it was resuscitated, and a Mr. Shumache employed to make another survey, who located the road at or near its present location. In Dover is where that grand enterprise originated, just fifty years ago next month. That meeting was largely attended by the leading men of Little Rock, Fort Smith, Van Buren, and the intermediate places, such as P. Pennyweight, Col. Drennon, Van Buren; Obe Alston, Ozark; M. Rose, Clarks-ville. Those are the men, and Dover, "The Historical Town" the place, where that ball was started, that you see whistling through Russellville, and many other nice towns, which were then in the embryo stage. Until the building of this road there were no such places as Conway, Morrilton, Atkins, Lamar, etc.

I will now give the names of some more of our early county officials, to-wit: Clerks; Twitty Pace, Alf Pace, R. T. Williamson, W. H. Evants. After State government; J. B. Logan, Josh Ferguson, J. R. H. Scott for a number of years, Wm. Stout, Rufe H. Howell, A. J. Bayliss (step-father of Mrs. Betty Reynolds and Mrs. John Young of Russellville.) First after the war: Wm. Stout, A. J. Bayliss, Wallace Hickox, Elijah Poe and A. J. Bayliss. Sheriffs; First sheriff under State government, S. M. Hays, John Jones and John Hickey. A word in regard to Mr. Hickey. In 1850 as I was on my way home from Bastrop, and Monroe, Louisiana I stopped at Little Rock. I met an acquaintance who told me our sheriff was in the city and that he was in bad shape; that he got into a game of poker the night before and lost all his state revenue he had. I hunted him up, paid his way and brought him home with me. John Hickey was a good, honest man, a blacksmith by trade. His bond was paid and he was a good and respectable citizen until his death, in this township. I mention this because, perhaps the only instance of the kind ever occurred. Rufe H. Howell,

L. W. Linton, D. C. Brown (father-in-law of Jim Miller, Russellville,) J. B. Erwin. In 1863 civil authority closed by the war. First after the war, Napier, Morris Williams, Joe Petty, Jas. Clair, E. W. Dodson, J. B. Erwin and Joe Petty.

The above may not interest the general reader, but I give it for the information and gratification of their children and posterity. The surveyors have been so few I will here name them, to-wit: Joseph Brearly Norristown, Mr. Miller (Jim's father,) John Wiley Chambers, Jim Potts, a number of years, Bill Hale, who perhaps has a lifetime installment.

April 4th, 1903.

ARTICLE VII.

DESCRIPTION OF COUNTY, CHURCHES, CAMP-MEET- INGS AND FIRST SETTLERS

The southern boundary of the county is the Arkansas River, beginning at the mouth of Big Piney, down the river a short distance below the mouth of Petit Jean River, thence north 35 or 40 miles to the top of the Boston Mountain, the divide between the Arkansas and White River waters, west on said divide, on the Newton County line, to the Jonnson County line, thence south to the place of beginning, 35 or 40 miles.

There are the very finest bodies of river lands in the southern part, joined for a number of miles north with fine productive up-lands, finely timbered. The eastern portion borders on, and includes a portion of the noted stream, Pt. Remove, with timber of almost every kind. The northern portion is interspersed with smaller streams forming the main streams of the Pt. Remove, Illinois Bayou and Big Piney. A large district of the western portion, from the Arkansas River to the Boston Mountain, affords perhaps, the largest and most compact body of fine pine timber in the State, in

short, nearly every kind of timber abounds, of the best quality known in any of the western or southern states. Stone, coal and iron ore exist in abundance. Copper, lead and zinc in northern parts of the county, and also salt water. Stone for building purposes, the county has no equal.

CHURCHES, CAMPMEETINGS, ETC.

The first church was built by the Methodist about the year 1832, in the vicinity of what is known as the Boiling Spring Campground, near the Illinois Bayou. The second church was organized in September, 1833, at the house of Sanford King, on Point Remove, they then and there roganized the Baptist Church of Christ. Elder James Brewton was called to the chair, assisted by brethren deacons Thomas Yeates and John Gray. The church made choice of James Brewton her pastoral care and the church was called the Point Remove Church. Members assembled at that time were as follows: James Brewton, Thomas Yeates, John Gray, John Isabell, Jeremiah King, Avis Yeates, Rebecca Isabell and Polly Ennis. From this small number that gathered themselves together for Christian work, the church prospered and many others were brought into its fold from time to time, to-wit: William Burnett, Richard Griffin, Ira Griffin, Ephriam Lemley and many others whose descendents that live today are among the best citizenship of the county. Seventy years have passed away since then and we trace the history of this organization down to the breaking out of the civil war between the states.

The third about the year 1837, by Cumberland Presbyterians, at Shiloh, at what is known and called the Williamson camp grounds. The first camp-meeting, or rather an imitation, was held at Old Dwight by Cumberland Presbyterians, in July, 1832 by Rev. Andrew Buchanan, of Cane Hill, and Rev. William Larymore. A few families moved to Dwight with bedding and provisions, and remained for a short time. There were a few old Presbyterians; A. W. Lyon and family, Samuel K. Blythe and family. Hon. John Williamson and his two sons, Robert T. and J. L. were

Cumberland Presbyterians. There were but three members of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in the community, and perhaps, all in the present limits of the county. The first regular camp-meeting held on the old style, was by the Methodists about the year 1833, at the place known as Boiling Springs. The Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians are and have been the most numerous. While there are many others of reputable numbers, to-wit: Old Baptists, Missionary Baptists, Old Presbyterians, Christian church, and Seceders. The places of worship of all the above named denominations number between 40 and 50, many worship at the same places. The most of which places of worship, Sunday schools and prayer meetings are kept up.

Permit me to give the names of some of the very earliest settlers who came here from the year 1829 to 1839—Hon. Andrew Scott and son. J. R. H., from Little Rock; John Bolinger, Samuel Norris, Philadelphia; Robert Davidson, East Tennessee; Dr. J. H. Brearley, New Jersey, Maj. Ben Du-Val. Indian agent, New Hampshire; Thomas Murry, Washington City; J. M. Crutchfield, Middle Tennessee, R. A. Logan, Missouri, Kirkbride Potts, New Jersey; Daniel Gilmore, New Hampshire; S. K. Blythe, Tennessee; John Williamson and three sons, K. T., J. L., and D. F., Tennessee; Dr. Wm. Ward, Louisiana.

The settlements on the Bayou, between Dover and Boiling Springs were the most numerous and compact in the county, and for morality and being orderly, good citizens and well-to-do, compared favorably with the same number in any county; hence, Boiling Springs had the first church in the county, some of whom I will name: Hon. Ben Langford, and his four sons-in-law, to-wit: J. S. Price, Thos. Gardiner, Rev. R. S. Bewley and John Ridge, all from Alabama, John and George Rolland, Tennessee; Ed, J. E. and Owen Williamis, and Willis Hodges, (father of Mrs. Lucinda Wells, of Russellville,) Rev. John Bruton, Mississippi; Rev. Malon Bewley, Absalom Simms, Alabama. Those in and about where Dover is located, Méridith Webb, Tennessee; John and Robert McCarley, Henry and Wm. Andrews, Dr. Wear, Ezekiel Wallace and George Wallace, Alabama. Settlers on Big Piney

very few up to 1839. Hon. Isaac Brown, who built the second court house, John Howard, Sr., who made the shingles and Hon. Joe Howard, ex-representative, who hauled them, when a boy, for I saw him in Dover at that time.

Wm. Reynolds, of Dover, late of Atkins, built the third court house—brick. John Brown, Samuel Leonard, N. Madox, Alabama; Gen. John Wood, South Carolina, Dr. John and Joseph Wilson, Phillip Mason, Maj. D. West and David Rushing and five sons, George, David, Burrell, Wm. and Dennis, Tennessee. Uncle Burrell was a young man when I first saw him. He first married Miss Mary Hays, second, Miss Amanda Maloy, daughter of Rev. Anderson Maloy, Cumherland minister, She was the mother of Bill and Joe Rushing, the twins, who reside alternately at Russellville and Dover. The latter is father-in-law of Dr. Will Brown of Dover, brother-in-law of Dr. Truitt, son of Henry Truitt, deceased, son of Elijah Truitt, of Norristown, three miles south of Russellville, which place, as is well known, came within one vote getting the capitol of the state.

Dover, Arkansas, April 11, 1903.

ARTICLE VIII.

THE FAMOUS WILSON SPRINGS, CISCO TRAGEDY, ETC.

The Wilson Springs, near the base of the Cisco Mountain on Big Piney, a health and summer resort. Dr. John, father of R. J. Wilson, who owned and resided on what is now known as the Hop Tate place on Piney, fitted up these springs with neat buildings and outhouses, and at his residence, not far away, had a well-furnished country store. At this "Long Branch" the doctor and his five sons-in-law and families would spend the summer months hunting, fishing, cutting bee trees, etc. There were Robert Cunningham, Dr. Ed Adams, Abb Adams, Rufe H. Howell (brother of Mrs.

Bettie White, White Hotel) and Rev. Frank Bernard. Of the six families there were twelve adults, of whom but one is now living, my friend, Abb Adams, of Dardanelle.

THE CISCO MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

In this mountain, in a cave, lived Adam Cisco, alone, who killed deer, of which there were plenty at that time, dressed their hides and sold them for making pants. He also mended shoes, sold wild honey, etc., and from what follows was supposed to have some money. It was, perchance, at some delightful twilight hour, when this poor old man lay musing on his bearskin pallet, lulled to quiet reveries by the low music and mirth of the joyous waters. Every voice is hushed, every owl is silent and departed, every wing is folded in the bowers. The purple glow now fades from the western sky, and the moon rises up in majesty in the east and sheds a soft halo on the quiet groves around, and mirrors her queenly beauties in the bosom of the crystal waters of Big Piney nearby. A deep, pensive silence now pervades the scene, and balmy sleep suffuses the form of this old man.

At this juncture
Stealthily approaches a youth,
With musket for his attire,
And views him as he slumbers
Beside a glimmering fire.
Then the fatal shot was fired,

tearing his coonskin nightcap into atoms; thus ending the career of this poor, old, solitary man. From this circumstance, and tragedy, the mountain derived its name. This well-known Cisco Mountain is on the Clarksville road, between Dover and Piney bridge.

I will now go back to Dover in 1872, when we had carpet-bag rule, militia, etc. I can't give any idea of conditions at that time, but like Job, we had patience and bore it. I will therefore relate a brief anecdote and ask my readers to revert back to Dover in those days, make and apply the application.

Now, with all due deference to the memory of my old friend, Col. Benjamin Tanneyhill, The colonel owned slaves, among them, Dick and Joan, his wife. Dick purchased some of Cisco's dressed deer hides and made him a pair of superb pants for Sunday. Those pants in process of time became soiled, and Joan, hoping to bring them to their accustomed appearance, put into a pot and boiled them thoroughly, hung them in the hot summer sun to dry. I have searched the vocabulary of the English language vainly trying to find words adequate to describe the condition of those pants after being dried. The sun having contracted the fibers, and solidified the gluten, they were one heterogeneous mass. In this condition Dick finds them. Early that morning the colonel heard an unusual racket at the cabin, and goes down to ascertain the cause; he found Dick and Joan in a heated row. He did his utmost to reconcile Dick, but with little avail, and finally resorting to scripture told Dick to have patience like Job. "Job," said he, "was a man of great patience. He lost his children, his cattle, and was afflicted, his provisions were all gone, yet, at the same time, he was a man with great patience, and bore it all with fortitude and resignation." "Oh, yes, Mas Ben, I knows all dat, but Job ne'ber had his leather breeches boiled."

Thanking the editor for the space given my 12 letters, and his patrons for the many expressions of appreciation, I can only add, that while reviewing the county and the names in those days, I could not help thinking of an appropriate verse:

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights have fled, and garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

With highest regards,

Most respectfully,

D. PORTER WEST,

Dover, Arkansas, April 24, 1903.

ARTICLE IX.

THE NEXT CAMPAIGN.

Dover, Ark., May 14, 1903,

Next year is the time for the general elections, therefore we must begin to prepare for that momentuous ordeal. The candidates will be groomed for the ordeal. There will be platforms setting forth the changes necessary to better the conditions of the government, state and county, and for the general good of all mankind. I do not wish to enter into the arena, it would be like a ship at sea without rudder or compass.

The world is well acquainted
With many wrongs and woes
Which men and nations suffer,
Sometimes from friends and foes;
But writers have been silent
About more common wrongs,
The honest poor man suffers
Wherever he belongs.

The annals of the nation,
That publish many crimes,
And flatter all their readers
To keep up with the times,
Will hardly tell the story,
That poor men are oppressed;
They'll bow to every rich man,
And pass by all the rest.

The earth was made for all men,
But not for me or you;
The Lord designs his blessings
For all and not a few;
But man has long perverted
The blessings nature gives;
Some grasp at all creation,
Let others die or live.

—D. PORTER WEST.

ARTICLE X.

MISSION AMONG THE CHEROKEES OF THE ARKANSAS.

Fresno, Cal., Mar. 25, '03.

COURIER-DEMOCRAT: There has just fallen into my hands, while rambling among some musty old toms in this city, a moth-eaten volume, which a citizen of Pope county could not help but prize. It is a leather bound volume of the Boston Missionary Herald of the year 1822. Imagine my surprise upon carelessly picking up the worn old book, to have my eyes fall upon this caption: "Mission Among the Cherokees of the Arkansas," and reading further to see the vivid accounts, so familiar to Capt. Jno. R. Homer Scott, D. P. West and other pioneers of Pope, of the trials, toils and privations of those sainted missionaries, Revs. Cephas Washburn, Daniel Hitchcock and others, at old Dwight Mission near Russellville, in 1821.

The book reads like a romance. There are five published extracts from the journal running at intervals throughout the volume, and recording the founding of the mission, the regular Sunday services, the addition of forces at the little colony in the Arkansas Territory wilderness, the slow progress of christianizing the Indians, and such other topics of interest as the little band saw fit to record. Entries were made in the journal daily.

As is well known by Pope countians, Dwight being one of the first Indian Protestant mission points west of the Mississippi, was naturally a station of considerable interest. All are familiar with the site, but the following description by Mr. Washburn will be of interest. There are doubtless few of these bound copies of the Herald in existence today, even among the descendants of Mr. Washburn now living in and around Russellville, hence a few random extracts will not be out of order.

"Sabbath, May 13, 1821. Had public worship for the first time in the place where we hope to publish the glad tidings of the gospel to sinners enveloped in the thick mists of heathen darkness. Four or five Cherokees were present;

but we could communicate nothing of the gospel to them, as we have no interpreter. Blacks, and people from the white settlement south of the river, composed a congregation respectable for members. Brother Washburn.

“May 16. Bro. Orr rode out for the purpose of purpose of purchasing oxen and transacting other business, up Spadra creek. In the afternoon we experienced a severe and unusually long hailstorm, which has considerably injured vegetation.

“Bro. Orr returned; had a safe ride and successful journey. He had an interview with the U. S. factor, Col. M. Lyon, and with the U. S. interpreter, Capt. J. S. Rogers, and found them and others fortified and fortifying against attacks from the Osages. Our friends at the north, and the friends of missions, have doubtless learned the fact the Osages and Cherokees are at war with each other, and may have some anxiety for us while among them in this hostile state.

* * *

“June 3. So small is the intercourse which we have yet with the people around us, and so few the events which transpire within the circle of our observations, aside from the daily labors of our hands, that we have little to record except the weekly return of the holy Sabbath, and the continual goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father. The light of this day shines here upon a small spot surrounded by the night of moral darkness. An open space of 10 feet by 20, between two log cabins, serves us at present for a dining hall, a chapel and a sanctuary. But the presence and blessing of God can come to us here, as in the most capacious temple.

* * *

“August 2. Find ourselves under the necessity of sending to the Arkansas Post for Peruvian bark, of which we are entirely destitute. It cannot be obtained short of that place, and is indispensibly necessary in the cure of the intermitten fever, with which several of the families are yet afflicted.

* * *

“August 3. Find ourselves under the necessity of sending a man to the Union Mission to procure nails for our school house. We have depended on the coming of nails for

which we sent to the north. This has prevented our making arrangements to procure them from Natchez or New Orleans. None are now to be had anywhere on the Arkansaw river.

“August 17. Bro. Hitchcock and Mrs. Finney considerably ill. Our messenger to Union Mission returned. Our brethren of that mission sent us nails sufficient for our school house, as they had more than they would use before we can replace them. * * *

“Sept. 3. Hitherto we have been as entirely excluded from all intercourse with the Christian world as we should be in the Japan Isles. We have heard of the arrival of letters for us in the Arkansaw Territory, but as yet have been unable to trace them.”

The next report is accompanied by extended editorial comments, and a description of the mission home on the banks of the Illinois bayou. The following details are given:

“The site selected was a wilderness. The first tree was felled on the 25th of August. Since that time we have cleared and enclosed with a substantial fence about 20 acres, most of which is improved. We have also erected four cabins of hewed logs for dwelling houses; two of which are 20 feet square, with piazzas on two sides, and two are 18 by 22, with piazzas on one side. A school house 24 feet by 36, is nearly completed, constructed on the Lancasterian plan, and designed to accommodate 100 children. A considerable part of the the work is done for a dining hall and kitchen. Aside from what has been mentioned, we have built a corn crib and stable, and have cleared and fenced a garden, yards, etc. The property at present belonging to the establishment consists principally of stock and farming utensils—three horses, two yoke of oxen, ten cows and calves, between 30 and 40 head of swine, two wagons, one cart and plough.

“October 18. Bro. Finney left us to journey to the white settlements for the purpose of hiring female help, and transacting other business.

“October 21. Bro. Finney returned. He arrived within half a mile last night, where he was obliged to wait the return of light, being unable to keep the path.

“October 26. A gentleman ascending the river informs us that the hulk of the keel-heel we lost last summer, had sustained no injury till a white man, living near where it was lodged, wantonly set fire to it, to obtain the nails and iron. We feel it our duty to compel him to pay for the boat.

“October 28. A considerable number from the white settlements were present at public worship. Bro. Finney preached from John V; 39, ‘Search the Scriptures.’

“Nov. 5. Again permitted to join with the children of the kingdom in all parts of the world in the concert of prayer for Zion.

“Nov. 6. Brother Orr left us to journey down the river for some communications from the postoffice, of which we have heard.

“Nov. 23. The weather is now as cold as it usually is, at this season, in New England. During most of the afternoon snow has been flying in the atmosphere, and this evening is falling with great rapidity. We are but poorly prepared for winter, as our dining hall and kitchen are not completed, and we have no place for taking our meals, but a passage way between two cabins, where we are exposed to all the severities of the season. We feel much solicitude for our brethren and sisters on their way. They are doubtless in the wilderness, with no shelter but blankets.

“Dec. 22. This morning our hearts were made to rejoice by the arrival of our dear sisters, Ellen Stetson and Nancy Brown. They left the wagon about two miles back and walked to Dwight. Bro. Asa Hitchcock arrived with the wagon about twelve o’clock. Our joy at the termination of their journey and exposures in the wilderness, during this inclement season, and at this accession to our number and strength, was mingled with heart-felt sorrow that one of their number (Mr. Daniel Hitchcock) was left by the way. (Here follow some lengthy reflections on the death of Mr. Hitchcock.)

“Dec. 29. Bro. Washburn rode out to give notice that our school would be opened at the commencement of the year. We have limited the number of scholars, which we shall be able to take this winter, to fifteen.

“January 1, 1822. (Opening of the school.) Three Cherokee children were brought us today by parents, who had waited long and anxiously for an opportunity to commit them to our care and instruction. * * *

“Jan. 2. A little girl, about six years old, was brought us today, with the request that we keep her till she herself was satisfied she had learned enough. When her grandmother, who came with her, was about to go away, the child clung fast to her, and cried to go also; but she embraced an opportunity to get away unobserved.

“Jan. 12. Sabbath. Our little congregation, which has consisted mostly of our own family and hired help, is beginning to increase. Today the number was about 75; some of them from a distance of 25 miles. Eight additional children were also brought us, which makes the whole number eighteen. * * *

“February 6. Several chiefs and head-men called, on their return from a visit to the Governor. They brought us a letter to read, that it might be interpreted to them. It appeared that a company of Osage hunters had come down upon the Cherokee frontiers, and done considerable damage by the destruction of property; but no lives were lost.

“March 23. Governor Miller called upon us, and made a short visit. He is on a tour to the Cherokees and Osages, to make one more attempt to effect peace between them. When about to leave us, he added, to his former expressions of good will, a donation for the benefit of the school.

“April 14. Enjoyed for the first time in this wilderness, the high privilege of sitting together at the table of our common Lord. The exercises and privileges of the day were very pleasant and refreshing to our hearts, and we trust reviving to our languid graces. A goodly number of spectators were present, many of whom had never witnessed such a scene. * * *

“April 18, 1822. Passed through an interesting and affecting scene. This day has been set apart for fasting and prayer, and for organizing ourselves into a church. (A detailed account follows of the various hindrances to the little work, and the dedication and formal initiatory service.)

“April 24. Last evening information was brought that the Osages, Kickapoos, Sacks and Foxes were on their way to the Cherokees and orders were given by the chiefs and head-men, for every Cherokee able to bear arms to be ready in two days to meet the invaders. This information has produced very considerable alarm, and the whites in the Nation are removing their effects to a place of safety as fast as possible. The department of the U. S. factory on the Illinois is thought to be unsafe, and the sub-factor brought the goods to us, as it is believed the Osages will not molest us.” * * *

T. ELMORE LUCEY.

ARTICLE XI.

COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Officers and Jurors of Session at Van Buren in 1854.

The Van Buren Press of last week contains the following bit of historic lore, furnished by D. Porter West, of Dover, Pope County, Arkansas:

Editor Press: Please give space for a short recapitulation of the November term of the U. S. District Court, November, 1854. To be brief, I will open court at the order of Daniel Ringo, judge.

Attorneys—John Joseph Green, Wm. Walker, Jesse Turner, Clem Vann, Hugh F. Thomason, Napoleon Bonaparte Burrow.

Commissioner—John B. Ogden.

Clerk—A. McLean.

Prosecuting Attorney—Alford Wilson.

Marshal—Samuel M. Hays.

Deputy Marshals—Major Russell, Wm. Pryor, Alex McKisn, W. O. P. Hays, and your humble servant, D. Porter West.

I herewith hand you the original list of grand jurors which please copy verbatim.

List of grand jurors to the Western District of Arkansas. November term, A. D. 1854:

Green J. Clark, foreman; S. Alman, Johnson McDaniel, Levi McThuspoon, Joseph J. Tomlinson, Michael Mayers, James G. Stevenson, William J. Meadors, Charles Heard, Samuel I. Phagan, John S. Latta, Westly Woodruff, Wm. Lester, James Trousdale, William Odel, Joseph Walton, John Cooper, John Grayum, A. McLean, clerk.

Four being excused, the following were substituted: Harvey B. Howell, James Sangsten, Wm. Meadows, Whitfield Bouran.

As my mind reverts back to the time and place of a half century ago, please allow me a few remarks:

Geo. W. and A. Clark were editors of the Van Buren Intelligencer; Bostick and Geo. Gross, hotels; doctors—Dibrell, Pernot, Thurston, McGee, Charley Fox Brown. Sutton F. Cottrell, sheriff.

I would like to go from Drennen, Pennywit and Charles Scott, on the north side and P. H. White on the east, and give a directory to north end of street for 1854.

A word more. Any person whose name appears in the foregoing recapitulation write to me, I will answer letter. I would be pleased to know how many, if any, were with me at that term of United States court.

D. PORTER WEST.

P. S.—At the close there were thirteen convicts conveyed to Little Rock in a wagon driven by Jack Foster, son of Uncle Cy Foster, and it took six days.

Fayetteville, Ark., Jan'y 18, 1905.

D. Porter West,

Dover, Arkansas,

Dear Sir:—The opening District Court, November term, 1854, called to mind many old time friends whom you mention and others not mentioned, all of whom are now gone, you and I only remaining, and we too must soon follow.

I am glad you wrote me, and hope you will write again and oblige,

Your friend,

A. M. WILSON.

I have been sick and hence the delay.

ARTICLE XII.

Dover, Ark., May 1, 1903.

The following Allegory is reproduced after 28 years, and as will be seen from the date, was before the Centennial to which reference is made, and 'prophecies in the application.

D. P. WEST.

[Written for the Democrat.]

AGRICULTURAL ALLEGORY

Dover, Ark., Nov. 11, 1875.

Suppose that on the 4th day of July, 1776, at the Independence Hall in the City of Philadelphia, the Father of our country had arose and addressed the "sons of soil" similarly to the following: Gentlemen and fellow countrymen! After finishing the important business pertaining to this eventful occasion, and before we seperate never again to meet upon one of similar character, permit me to congratulate you upon our glorious triumph and wonderful achievements. All this vast domain of rich and fertile lands, extending from ocean to ocean, interspersed with mountains, valleys and navigable streams, is ours—all ours, for us and our posterity. Go forth and clear up the vast and extensive forests and cultivate the land for a subsistence. Here permit me to further say, for your information and encouragement, that one hundred years from this very day, in this city, on the 4th day of July, 1876, there will be a grand Centennial celebration. There will be magnificent buildings erected and preparations made for the occasion that would at this day astonish the most imaginative mind to contemplate, and all the business that we have accomplished pertaining thereto will be referred to, and many of our names mentioned in terms, a description of which would be futile. At that celebration there will be delegates from all the states and visitors from the four quarters of the globe. There will be on exhibition specimens of all the attainable wonders, novelties, curiosities, &c., &c., and also the rare products of the earth, there will be a vast number of premiums and prizes awarded. The grand national prize is offered to the "sons of the soil," on

this condition: The man, who, through his own exertions and that of his posterity, shall during the next century, make the gratest havoc upon the natural fertility of the soil, and accomplish the most towards its depletion, reducing the gratest amount to complete sterility, or sending it into the ocean, or otherwise placing it beyond a possibility of a successful re-accumulation, thus destroying the gratest amount of the valuable elements of vegetable growth, is to be awarded the grand prize. There will be a competent and faithful committee appointed to superintend the whole transaction. Said committee will be supplied with an instrument, which for sake of brevity may be called a Cla-kish-e-making-go, in which is combined all the appliances of accuracy, weight, measure, analysis and so on, ad infinitum. With this assurance contestants may now enter upon their labor, with perfect assurance that their works will be manifest on the 4th day of July, 1876.

APPLICATION.

Mr. Editor:—After the above visionary preamble, used to elicit reflection from the otherwise inconsiderate, superficial reader. Suppose that the above statement and offer had been real and boni fide, what would the farmers, as a nation, have done, that has not been done, I say, what course would have been persued, that has not been practiced? They have cleared Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and many other states, and cropped the land heavily, until some portions are reduced to complete sterility and the cultivators of those lands necessitated to import from Peru the essential elements of fertility in a consentrated form, and apply them to the soil before a remunerative crop can be produced. What next? Being unable to purchase commercial fertilizers, the only alternative left is to up lines and move West, even making innovations upon the poor Indians in search of virgin soil, devastating as they go, taxing the land to its utmost capacity annually; not satisfied with this heavy drain upon its vital energies—so to speak—but is careful to cut, rake and burn all the debris, leaving nothing but a meagre portion of alkali, and to facilitate its exit into

the mammoth reservoir, cultivation up and down hill is practiced, the residue passes away in vapor. There is no system of rest, rotation or turning under green sward to endeavor to restore vegetable mould and place humus in the soil. Is not this state of affairs true, and greatly to be deprecated by a philanthropic people?

Well, but some may say, I am going beyond my baliwick; let us come to old Pope then. But for the present I will forbear pointing out the malpractices in agriculture, which are too apparent, from some illusions incorporated in the above to need further comment. The imaginative reader is no doubt expecting the risibility of this article to become more apparent in the futile attempt to show or set forth the remedy.

Now to the point in question. What we term land or soil is composed of certain elements or ingredients, such as vegetable mould, humus, ammonia, carbonic acid, lime, soda, salt, &c. Therefore, when land fails to produce, it only proves that it is deficient in some or all of these essential elements. I believe that it is an axiom generally conceded in materia medica, that a disease long in process of contraction, requires a corresponding length of time to effect a cure. I do not contend that productiveness or fertility can be restored by importing mineral or commercial fertilizers, or husbanding all the resources of barn and lot manures, but I hold this last as one of the grandest auxiliaries. In short, if ever our depleted farms are recuperated and restored to fertility, it will be by a well directed and judicious system of rest, rotation, and turning under green sward, there is the remedy—in three words—controvert it if you can. It will require time, patience, perserverance, and great sacrifice. Stop a moment and think, for sooner or later he will be compelled to think and act. After the next Centennial, where will virgin soil be found? Mr. Editor, you have a suburban farm owned by Mr. Hartsill, and cultivated upon my favorite system—the INTENSIVE—which system will do much to elicit thoughtfulness and economy among your neighbors by observing a scientific application of manure, economical proportioning of crops and judicial system of tillage.

D. P. WEST.

ARTICLE XIII.

"ONLY A SMALL FAMILY"

A New Year Story, By D. Porter West.

To Amuse Lawyers, Encourage Young Men, Please Children,
Gratify and Defend the Ladies.

Dover, Arkansas, January 1. 1903.

This is to represent and personify a lawyer and his wife exchanging a day's work and the result:

"I have made arrangements for you to spend a day in the country," remarked the judge to his wife, as she was placing breakfast on the table. "Have you? I'm sorry, for I fear I shall be too busy to fulfill it."

"Busy about what? What can you possibly find to do? You talk like one who is unacquainted with his subject. Haven't I eyes, and can't I see?"

"You might without doubt, but whether you do is another thing."

"When there is only a small family—"

"Only a small family," added the madam, quietly, "for it is just as necessary that a few should eat as many."

"Well, it certainly must be a great undertaking to cook a little food, wash a few dishes and set the table three times a day."

"Those things you name do not comprise the whole of housekeeping, Judge."

"Perhaps not, but it certainly appears laughable to hear a woman complain of the work, when there is only a small family."

"Suppose you try it for one day; I'll go to the office and do your work, and you can remain at home and do mine."

"It's rather a novel proposition, but I presume it will be the easiest day's work I shall have this year," rejoined the husband. Both being agreed, the next day was selected for the exchange of employments. A quiet smile lurked upon the lady's mouth, and the judge evidently thought it a fine joke.

The wife thought her time was fully occupied in keeping a good-sized house tidy and in devising new means of gratifying the palate of the judge.

The wife made a list of the duties which demanded attention the next morning.

The judge had been practicing law in Russellville for some time and had acquired quite a competency, and his wife had the independence to do her own house work, but could not help thinking that she deserved some credit for so doing.

Morning came and the judge aroused his wife and informed her, in a significant tone, "that it was quite time to dress and make a fire."

Our heroine had taken the precaution the night previous to prepare the kindling, and in a short time had a brisk fire. She allowed herself to do just what her husband had been in the habit of doing and no more. He usually left the ashes and shavings to clear away, and she did not feel inclined to limit his privileges at this time. The dining table stood in the middle of the room, also covered with books, papers, writing materials and other articles used the evening before. These she did not molest, and without putting up the shades or putting back the chairs, she took a newspaper and began to read. The judge had evidently completed his toilet quicker than usual, but it nevertheless took him nearly an hour before he made his appearance.

It was something novel to see his wife reading before breakfast, and he could not help smiling to witness her perfect sang foid.

"I think I should relish a piece of beef steak," remarked the lady in the rocking chair.

"Ah, then, you shall have it," replied the housekeeper of the day, patronizingly, as he busied himself with napkins, cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, etc., Adjoining to the kitchen, the judge attended to the making of a delicious cup of coffee and had a long struggle with beef steak, which refused to broil to his satisfaction. The judge sat at the head of the table and proceeded to pour out the coffee.

"The bread," suggested the lady.

"Bless me, I forgot it—"

The bread was soon gotten and cut in slices, varying in thickness from a wafer to chunks of four inches.

"The butter, Judge."

"Oh, yes; one can't think of everything."

"Muddy coffee again, Judge," abruptly said the lady.

The judge hadn't a word of reply.

"Very smoky breakfast, my dear; what have you done to it?" she continued.

The judge had but little appetite. His wife remarked the fact, and hoped "that the simple exercise of getting breakfast" had not taken it away. The gentleman winced and prepared himself a generous slice of bread and butter.

When the morning meal was concluded, Mrs. Judge donned her bonnet and shawl and remarking that she would send home something for dinner by one of Jerry Gray's boys, left the house.

"Now, we'll consult the list," he added aloud, "and have things go on in regular order. Here goes: 'Get breakfast, clear table, wash dishes, put closet in order, wipe down shelves, clean knives, cleanse sink, rub silver, black stove, keep fire, attend the door bell, sweep hall, brush stairs, sweep parlor, dining room and kitchen, dust furniture, trim lamps, wash meat for oven, clean vegetables, stew cranberries, make pudding, answer questions and entertain visitors, if they happen to call.' Bless me, is that all," cried our housekeeper; "I think I'll clear the table to commence with." It did not occur to him that he could carry several articles at a time, so he made many journeys from the dining room to the kitchen, which necessarily consumed much time. The dishwashing proved rather an awkward affair. The knife cleaning was another thing altogether; those wouldn't be in any danger of breakages and he would "put 'em through quick." But the black spots were deeper set than he expected. He contended longest with the carving knife, which in consequence of being awkwardly handled, inflicted a deep cut, as a slight token of remembrance. This was a mistake that caused many other mistakes during the day, owing to the clumsy bandage the

judge wrapped about his hand. He attended to the silver and then glanced at the clock. "What's next on the list?" consulting his memorandum. "Ah, stove to black! Wal, I must admit that the coffee which boiled over hasn't improved its appearance much. I'll look up the brush," So saying, he prepared the polish and set about the operation at once. The stove was quite hot and he couldn't work to any advantage. The more liquid he put on the more it splutters and flies off with a crackling noise. He thickened the liquid, but it would not adhere to the stove, and he began to think it was bewitched. At this stage of affairs he happened to think that some old lady had said that milk was the best thing to wet the powder with; so hastened to the pantry, and pouring out a quantity, applied it to the refractory stove. That did not mend the matters much, and the smell of burned milk began to be quite disagreeable. The room was filled with smoke, the floor around the stove was all dotted with little spots of blacking, and the judge's hands were certainly not the cleanest that ever was, his nice shirt bosom all spotted with the blacking. Just at this juncture the door bell sounded by some one who evidently wished admission. He looked toward the door, then at his hands, and finally at a large stain on his shirt bosom, which bore a strong resemblance to blacking. "I won't go! They may ring all day if they like!" he exclaimed impatiently, going to the wash-basin and trying to bring his hands to their accustomed color, but a sounding warned him that some person was not inclined to "give it up."

"Ah, good morning, Judge!" said a well-dressed, good-looking young lady, who evidently expected to see somebody else appear, "is your wife in home?"

"Yes—I—no, she isn't in," he stammered. "Excuse the disorder of my dress this morning, Miss Perry," he added. "I was so unfortunate as to upset the ink-stand just as you rang, and you see the effects of the accident."

This, it must be confessed, was rather a departure from the truth, but the judge couldn't think of any other way to excuse himself from the dilemma. "What an ingenious excuse that was. Nobody but a lawyer would have thought of it," soliloquized our hero.

The judge pursued a hypotenudional course with a slow step toward the kitchen, repeating a verse:

“I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights have fled and garlands dead,
And all but he departed.”

To his utter astonishment it was twelve o'clock and he had quite forgotton dinner. The fire was entirely out, the room in bad plight, the list of duties not half completed, and the meat, vegetables, etc., remained untouched.

Leaving the judge to work out the rest of the items, we attend the footsteps of the wife to the office of her husband, and note her experience there. Pettifogger, the judge's clerk and law student, stared somewhat perservingly when he saw the judge's wife enter the office with an assured step and proceed to hang up her bonnet and shawl, with a genuine business air.

“Pettifogger,” said Mrs. Judge, snapping her fingers carelessly, “is this office in perfect order?”

“Yes ma'am,” replied the infant barrister, more surprised.

“I beg leave to differ with you, sir. Do you see those papers scattered all around here? Pick them up and file them in proper order.”

“Where is the—judge?” asked Pettifogger, with mouth agape.

“I'm judge today, and you are my man of business. The judge told me that you had a memorandum of today's work. Produce it if there is such a thing.” The young man fumbled about awhile among the papers and succeeded in finding the document in question. With the faintest possible smile that a woman could possess, the lady attorney read as follows: “Items—Habeas corpus for Teeter. A writ of replevin for the distress of Zeke Morphis. Fill out a quit claim deed for John Styles. Advise Capt. Saunders about action for damages against farmer Jones. A writ of attachment in the case of Brown vs. Smith. Examine letters respecting Miss Bright's breach of promise case. Send Hig-

gins' bill. Write a threatening letter to Falls. Terrify Al Bradley if possible. Respectfully invite Cal Hall to call and pay Jim Luker's bill. To take depositions in Wiggins' slander case. Get up an issue between Bill Rankin and D. Love. Make out costs and damages in case of Fowler and Folsom. Examine the title of lands on the Crow Mountain claimed by Turner and Mullins. The above to be done besides attending to incidental office business as it may occur." "Well, here's work," thought our lady. "Young man, do you know much?" recovering her self-possession.

Boy didn't seem to know whether he did or not—yawned twice—but expressed no opinion in words.

"I mean are you any part of a lawyer?" resumed our fair lady.

"I know all about the judge's business, ma'am."

"Very good! I will test your knowledge a little, if you please. What is habeas corpus?"

"A writ for delivering a person from false imprisonment, or from one court to another," said the student promptly.

"Very good. What about this Lewis case?"

"I made it out last evening ma'am."

"You acted very properly. Next comes writ of replevin."

"That's already—finished it just as you came in."

"Two things are disposed of then—habeas corpus and writs of replevin. Next comes the quit-claim deed. You have got blanks to fill out, doubtless."

"Exactly!" While the boy was filling out the blanks for Styles, in popped Captain Saunders to take advice concerning an action for damages brought against him by Jim Oates.

"My husband is not in at this moment, captain. Please sit down and wait a little while. Please tell me something about this difficulty of yours, Captain. I should like to know the particulars." The Captain was quite ready to relate his troubles to such a listener.

It appeared that his neighbor, Jim Oates' swine had trespassed upon his grounds, and he had shot one of said quadrupeds, for which act the owner had brought action.

"I can tell you what to do in this case precisely as well as the judge himself," said the lady smiling pleasantly. "What was the animal worth, do you suppose?"

"Just about six dollars, madam."

"What do you imagine the whole affair will cost if it goes to trial?"

"Twenty-five or thirty dollars, perhaps."

"Then the cheapest way will be to leave me ten dollars and I'll settle the case, Captain," added the lady, with a smile that was really bewitching. The Captain mused a moment, and then exclaimed, "I'll do it! Blow me, if I don't believe you can settle it if anybody can."

"The Captain left the money and departed. Immediately the plaintiff was sent for and the whole matter settled for seven dollars.

Miss Bright's letters were examined, and nothing like a promise of marriage could be found, and the lady wrote him a letter advising her to drop the prosecution of the case. Higgins bill was sent and the young man wrote a threatening letter to Thompson. To get up an issue between Bill Rankin and D. Love, "don't that mean a quarrel?" "Just that," said Pettifogger. Well then let us prevent it by all means."

"We have only to let it stand as it is, then, for they are peaceable fellows and won't quarrel of themselves."

With the able assistance of the young man, Mrs. Judge reached the end of her list about time for dinner. "We have only a few spare moments. How are you on definitions?"

"I know the meaning of some words, madam." "What's futile?"

"That means vain, fruitless."

"Give me an example."

"Alright—It would be futile to attempt to gild refine gold, to paint the lily, to smooth the ice, add a perfume into the violet, or a hue into the rainbow, or with lantern light to seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish."

"All right—let me say to you, my friend, that in my opinion, you possess a good share of natural and acquired ability. Permit me to say to you further, that if you will be studious, courteous and affable and maintain a good moral

character, the time is not far distant when you may be promoted and fill a position in the state legislature, senate, or fill the governor's chair. (Now remember this.)"

"Lock the office sir, you will not be wanted this afternoon." Mrs. Judge went home just in season.

"How long till dinner?" she inquired.

"Judging from present appearances, it will be ready in about an hour and a half from this time," said the new house-keeper, opening the oven door to look at the meat, which was not yet blistered with the heat.

"As there is 'only a small family' I cannot listen to any excuse for this unpardonable delay."

"Come now, my dear, don't exult until your work has been inquired into. There is such a thing as crowing before one is out of the woods."

"If you refer to my office business, I am very glad to be able to inform you that it is successfully accomplished, and I have half a day to spare," replied the lady, consulting her watch.

"The habeas corpus," began the judge. "And writ of replevins," interrupted the lady. "And the Saunders case," resumed the judge. "And the threatening letter," chimed in the lady. "The land case and the breach of promise affairs? All attended to sir."

"Where is my office boy?"

"Locked the office and sent him off—didn't need him—he will be back tomorrow."

"The deuce, my dear."

"And now have you attended the cases which I left you? Ahem! let's see. Are the dishes washed, closets in order, shelves wiped down, knives cleaned, stove blacked, fire kept bright, hall swept, stairs brushed, parlor swept and dusted, lamps trimmed, chamber work done?" "hold on, my dear, for heaven's sake! No woman alive could do all of that in one forenoon." "Beg your pardon; before you is a woman who has done it every forenoon for years; 'for only a small family,' my dear husband."

"Are you a woman of veracity, my dear?" asked the judge, with a smile."

"No gentleman has ever yet presumed to call it in question," responded the lady.

"Then I give it up, and make a graceful surrender of these premises and 'only a small family.' Now, my dear, I beg your pardon. I think that I am a little wiser than I was this morning. I assure you, upon the honor of a gentleman, that I will never speak disparagingly of woman's duties again. A 'small family,' I find, makes considerable work; enough at least for one little wife to perform."

"You are pardoned on the spot. And let me assure you that I do not regret this day's experience; and perhaps the widow—and several other persons will not."

"And your humble servant among the number," replied the judge, bowing.

The circumstances which gave rise to this article, occurred many years ago, but I am informed that "only a small family" was never afterwards used, only as a pleasant jest.

P. S.—I most respectfully ask Messrs. D. Love, Bill Rankin, Jim Oats, Etc., to pardon me for using their names in the personifications of this article of fiction.

ARTICLE XIV

LEE BARNES, THE CONDEMNED MURDERER OF CHAS. HOLMAN, EXPIATES HIS CRIME ON THE GALLOWS.

special to the Russellville Democrat.

Dover, Ark., May 21, 1 p. m.

Before nine o'clock this a. m. great crowds of people from neighboring towns and from the country literally poured into town to witness the execution of Lee Barnes for the murder of Charles Hollman, a gambler, in Conway county, on the 20th of Novembr, 1885, and brought to this county on a change of venue. It is estimated that there are nearly 3,000 persons present.

At 12:20 p. m. the condemned man in custody of Sheriff Quinn and eight deputies, mounted the scaffold with a firm and steady step, and plainly evinced by his demeanor that he was reconciled to his fate, and ready to meet death like a man to atone for his crime. The scaffold, erected on the north side of the jail-yard was surrounded with a rope fence, and no one but reporters, guards and Barnes' spiritual advisers were allowed within it.

As Barnes mounted the scaffold, he shook hands with Rev's. Hicks, Kirkscey, Jolly and others, and said he never felt better in his life.

By his request the hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus," was sung by an improvised choir, in which Barnes joined, singing a strong and firm soprano, his voice rising considerably above all others; several broke down; but he continued until the hymn was finished. Sheriff Quinn then read the death warrant, and in answer to the question "whether he had anything to say," Barnes replied, "I have" and then made the statement published below.

He spoke in a clear and distinct voice for 40 minutes, then after joining with the choir in singing, knelt in prayer, Rev. H. C. Jolly, leading. Sheriff Quinn then placed the black cap over his face and adjusting the noose around his neck, pulled the trigger exclaiming as he did so "May the Lord have mercy upon his soul" and at the same moment Barnes said "Lord have mercy on my soul" and went through the floor with the rapidity of lightning, the fall being eight feet, and when the body straightened the feet were within two feet of the ground. The trap fell precisely at 1:10 $\frac{1}{4}$ o'clock, and after it had remained hanging 19 minutes he was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. The body was taken down 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes after the drop fell, placed in his coffin and carried to the jail yard where an examination by attending physicians was held and it was found that his neck was dislocated. Later in the afternoon his remains were turned over to his brother who gave them interment.

DESCRIPTION.

He had black hair, deep blue eyes, light mustache, and was five feet, nine inches high, and weighed about 130 pounds.

On Friday morning at nine o'clock your reporter obtained an interview with Barnes, the doomed man, and he made the following statement to me which he afterwards made on the scaffold:

STATEMENT.

"I am 23 years and two months old; was born in Blount county, Tennessee. About the 8th of November, 1885, Charles Hollman, who owned and run a gambling devise known as a Wheel of Fortune and myself started from Plummer's, in Conway county, going to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and returning on the 20th of the same month, and on the day of the killing of Hollman at night. Before I left Plummer's for Pine Bluff and some time after Hollman had arrived at that place, John Cullens and I had a conversation about the probable amount of money that Hollman had at that time; and we agreed that if he had the amount which we then supposed he had, we would kill him and take it from him. However, we abandoned the idea for that time. When I returned with Hollman to Plummer's I met Cullens and Russell Watson and we all had a conversation together; during the conversation some one of the three, which one I cannot say, proposed that we get Hollman to go down to a negro festival to be given about three miles from town, take his 'wheel' and exhibit it there, and after the festival was over, we would kill him for his money. The proposal was accepted and the agreement entered into by all of us. It was agreed that I was to go with Hollman

to the festival, and that Cullens and Watson should come at night; and, after the festival broke, the two latter were to leave and start back toward Plummer's to avoid suspicion, and return to where Hollman and I would camp that night, near the place where the festival was given. Pursuant to agreement, after the festival was concluded, Cullens and Watson, who had gone down on horseback started back home, but returned in about three quarters of an hour, and found Hollman engaged in a game of cards with two negroes. I told them to leave and return in a short time and that I would get rid of the negroes. They left and after remaining a few minutes returned—the negroes having gone. Hollman and I had made down our bed under the wheel table and were lying down when the two returned; Hollman was lying next to the fire. When Cullens and Watson rode up Hollman called to them and told them to get down and renew the fire, and that he and I would play a game of cards with them; as he finished speaking he rose to a sitting posture on the bed, and I reached my hand under the place where his head had been lying and got his pistol with which I shot him twice. It was a 32-caliber Smith & Wesson five shooter. The first shot struck him about two inches above the right ear, and the second about one inch to the rear of the first. When the first shot was fired both Cullens and Watson started to where their horses were hitched, and returned voluntarily to where the dying man lay, and pulled him from under the table by the feet and legs while I was putting on my shoes. Hollman was groaning at this time, and Watson took a dirk knife from his person and handing it to Cullens, told him to cut Hollman's throat; Cullens handed me the knife, but I did not use it; I picked up the axe lying near by, and struck the dying man three blows on the front part of the head with it; we all then picked him up and put him into the wagon, and he groaned once after we put him in; I struck him again with the axe and immediately threw it into the lake. I told the other two to harness the horses while I put the balance of the plunder into the wagon; but I had to assist them after gathering up the plunder, both of them being so badly frightened that they could do nothing without my assistance. When we had hitched the horses to the wagon, Cullens held them while Watson got some corn stalks and burnt them over the blood on the ground and I got a tow sack and an oilcloth that we had over the wagon sheet and wrapped them around the head of the murdered man to prevent the blood from running into the wagon-bed. Cullens then turned the horses and wagon around, and he and Watson asked for a division of the money we had gotten of Hollman, and we divided it, they receiving \$20.00 each, and myself \$12.00 in money, and the balance of his property. After the division of the money, we started back toward Plummer's, Watson riding his own horse and leading Cullens' in front and Cullens and myself in the wagon with the dead body. The other two had some controversy about burying the murdered man each one wanting to assist in the burial, and neither of them wanting to return the horses they were riding; but when we got to Plummer's, Watson took their horses to return to where they had been taken from, and Cullens and I went on down to Si McCullough's. I got out and went into the house and told Si that I was going away, but would be

back in a few days to stand my trial, in a case where he had required an appearance bond for me. Cullens and I then took the body down into the thicket and buried it. Cullens wanted to leave the country with me, but I persuaded him that if we both left at the same time it might create some suspicion on us, and he decided not to go. We then went back, Cullens to Plummer's and I to Morrilton. This was on Saturday. On Sunday morning Cullens and Watson came up together in a buggy to where I was in Morrilton; and Cullens, holding up his finger, showed me a ring that I recognized as one that Hollman had owned. I said to him: "John, have you taken that fellow up and taken that ring from his finger?" He replied that he had, and found a gold dollar in his pocket that we had overlooked in taking Hollman's money, and that he and Watson had buried the body in a better place. Watson was present and heard this conversation between us. During the day Cullens told me that, "if he thought there was any danger in Watson telling of the murder, he was in favor of killing him," I told him that I did not think there was any danger. If there was any blood on Hollman's coat and vest, the one he was wearing when murdered, I do not know it. When I struck him after he was put into the wagon the blood spurted up into my face from the blow, but it did not get scattered over his clothing. I left Morrilton on Monday morning after the killing, going to Paris, in Logan county. I remained there a little more than two weeks, when I returned and was arrested.

"I state to you that I know nothing of the killing of the man Moore, or the burning of Conway. The report that I did know of these two crimes is utterly false. When I testified in the Cullens case after my conviction, I was mad, and wanted him punished because I saw that I had to die for the crime; for that reason I testified that either Cullens or Watson or both of them struck the murdered man with the axe while he was dying. This was not true; neither of them struck him at all. I alone did the killing. I have no such feelings now. I sincerely trust that Cullens may receive a pardon for this crime, and lead a better life in the future. I make this solemn statement, knowing that it is the last that I shall make in this world. Cullens, Watson and myself, made the agreement to kill that man for his money; they did not help me to kill him because they had not the courage. None of us had anything on earth against Hollman; we deliberately planned his murder, and I carried the plan into execution for the sole purpose of getting his property.

"It was my intention after I had murdered Hollman to marry and move to the Indian territory; and, to make money in every way that I could, that is, I intended to steal horses and cattle and if I knew a man had as much as ten dollars, murder him and take it.

"I am glad that I was detected before I committed more crimes, and I know that I am going to Heaven through the pardoning power of Christ who died to save me. I want you to meet me there. I feel like I ought to die. This is the whole truth."

THE CRIME.

Barnes' statement is pretty much the same as he made in the Cullens' trial after he himself was convicted. It differs, however, in one material point from his testimony. He stated then that either Cullens or

Watson or both of them, struck the dying man with the axe and that he himself did the shooting, but did not strike with the axe. His testimony and statement were strongly corroborated by circumstances, and the two negroes who were playing the game of cards with Hollman when Cullens and Watson returned to the scene of the murder the first time, corroborated the statement of the three upon that point in the trial of Barnes and of Cullens. Your reporter was present at both trials, and could not make a more correct statement of the whole case than Barnes has done. That statement is as nearly a full and correct detail of this foul murder, as will ever be known, and I firmly believe that Barnes has approximated the truth as closely as he could do so without implicating his friends who, not at the time, know of the murder, but who gave him the assistance that any man's true friend would render when it was needed.

Thus ends the sickening tragedy; and it is to be hoped that we will never again see its repetition in this country. Three men deliberately plan and put into execution one of the most diabolical assassinations that has ever blotted the records of our courts, or stained the fair name of the state; one alone receives the just and severe punishment of the law for his crime; the other, the guiltiest villian that ever cheated the gallows, or went unwhipped of justice is tried by a jury upon the sametestimony, strengthened by his own statement, and receives the merciful and pitiful punishment of 21 years in the penitentiary; Watson, the last of the three, gave the state the benefit of his testimony and in consequence received immunity from punishment.

Barnes' tragic end has its moral; a young man full of strength, vigor and hope, with a life of usefulness and happiness before him, chooses instead of the right the wrong path, and as the history of the world sanctioned by our knowledge of and experience with mankind teaches, he has reaped the harvest sown in crime. Let us hope that those young men and boys who witnessed this execution will ever remember that

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mein,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen oft—familiar with his face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace,"

and that sooner or later, the man who becomes immersed in crime, will be visited by returning justice, lifting aloft her scale of right and wrong.

BRAZIL STATION ROBBERY.

Friday morning Barnes made the following statement to the press:

"Early in June, 1885, while traveling in the Indian territory, I found a man named Capt. James Welsh living at Brazil station, 30 miles from Fort Smith, who was a merchant and ran a mill and gin. I found out that he handled considerable money and I resolved to rob him. I returned to Plummerville and arranged with Cullens to assist me in the robbery. We perfected our plans and carried them into execution. We woke Capt. Welsh one dark night about midnight and told him we wanted to buy something to eat. We told him we were going across the country to take charge of a herd of cattle. Welsh did not want to come out and

said he had come near having a shooting scrape with some strangers recently under just such circumstances. I laughed and replied there is no danger this time, and urged him to come on. He did so. The store was about 30 yards or more from the residence. When we arrived at the store Welsh and myself entered the store and Cullens stood guard in the door. I bought some oysters and crackers and some tobacco for Cullens. I then asked for some peaches and as he turned to get them I pulled down on him and told him I wanted his money. He almost fainted. He told me I could have what was in the drawer but he could not open the safe because he did not know the combination. I knew he had a book-keeper when I was there before, and I believed he told the truth about the combination of the safe. So I took twenty odd dollars from the drawer and led Welsh by the arm across the field away from his home and there told him if he would not put officers on my track, it would be well for him, otherwise I would return and fix him. As he left us and went hastily toward his home Cullens wanted to shoot him but I would not allow it. I never heard from Welsh and do not know if he ever told of the robbery or not. This was my first great crime."

BARNES' LOVE AFFAIR.

When Barnes was arrested he was engaged to a Miss Janie Orrell. The girl followed him to Morrilton and visited him at the jail and sympathized with him. Here she met a young lawyer from Boone county who was employed to prosecute Barnes in his examining trial. The two became interested in each other and with three days acquaintance were married. Barnes who was devotedly attached to the girl, never recovered from the blow her desertion gave him. On the scaffold he declared that her action gave him more pain than hanging.

BARNES' DREAM.

Barnes related the following dream to the reporters:

"On Wednesday night, the night I found forgiveness for my sins, I dreamed I was in Heaven and a pretty girl came to meet me and kissed me. In her I recognized a young lady with whom I associated in Tennessee, and who had great attachment for me but I did not like her because she was too good and pure for me. A few months after I left Tennessee she died, so I was told by my father shortly after, and I am certain I never thought of her again until I met her in my dream."

Barnes asked the reporters to publish it as his dying wish that he entertained malice toward no one and wanted his friends and associates to meet him in Heaven.

Barnes' last night upon earth was passed in peaceful slumber, undisturbed by dreams. He arose at 6:30 Friday morning feeling as well as ever in life, ate breakfast with relish. During the forenoon he entertained his friends and callers and seemed glad to see them all. At noon he ate a hearty dinner, during which he chatted pleasantly. Having finished his meal he remarked: "It is time to dress," and began preparations for the final scene. He donned a well-fitting suit of black, collar and cravat, and light straw hat, furnished by the sheriff.

He expressed thanks to his spiritual advisers, to the sheriff and his deputies, and to the good citizens of Dover for their kindness and unremitting attention.

Fifty-one years have elapsed since there was a legal hanging in Pope county until this one.

The Democrat reporters are placed under many obligations to Sheriff Quinn, Deputies Bernard and White for courtesies extended to them.

ARTICLE XV

THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER

[The story of the "Arkansaw Traveler" is not published in this work as a sample literary gem, or as an advertisement for the State, but, because the famous colloquy is associated with those early days of which the books treats, and, also, for the benefit of those readers of the present day who have not read it and smiled over its ridiculousness.]

"An Arkansas Traveler, who has become lost, approaching the cabin of a Squatter, about 65 years ago, discovered the proprietor seated on an old whisky barrel near the door, partly sheltered by the eaves, playing a Fiddle, when the following dialogue ensued, the Squatter still continuing to play the same part over and over:

Traveler.—Hello, stranger.

Squatter.—Hello yourself.

T.—Can I get to stay all night with you?

S.—You can git to go to h——l.

T.—Have you any spirits here?

S.—Lots of 'em, Sall saw one last night by that thar ole holler gum, and it nearly skeered her to death.

T.—You mistake my meaning, have you any liquor?

S.—Had some yesterday, but ole Bose he got in and lapped all uv it out'n the pot.

T.—You don't understand me, I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold, and want some whisky. Have you got any?

S.—Oh, yes—I drank the last this morning.

T.—I'm hungry, haven't had a thing since morning, can't you give me something to eat?

S.—Hain't a d——d thing in the house. Not a mouthful of meat, or a dust of meal here.

T.—Well, can't you give my horse something?

S.—Got nothin' to feed him on.

T.—How far is it to the next house?

S.—Stranger! I don't know, I've never been thar.

T.—Well, do you know who lives there?

S.—I do.

T.—As I'm so bold, then, what might your name be?

S.—It might be Dick, and it might be Tom; but it lack's a d——d sight of it.

T.—Sir! will you tell me where this road goes to?

S.—It's never been any whar since I've lived here, its always thar when I get up in the mornin'.

T.—Well, how far is it to where it forks?

S.—It don't fork at all, but it splits up like the devil.

T.—As I'm not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink.

S.—My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me and Sall sleeps on it. And that thar tree is the old woman's persimon, you can't tie to it, 'case she don't want 'em shuk off. She 'lows to make beer out'n um.

T.—Why don't you finish covering your house, and stop the leaks.

S.—It's been raining all day.

T.—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?

S.—It don't leak then.

S.—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here any how?

T.—Putty well, I thank you, how do you do yourself?

T.—I mean what do you do for a living here?

S.—Keep tavern and sell whisky.

T.—Well, I told you I wanted some whisky.

S.—Stranger! I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see me and Sall went shares. Arter we got it here, we only had a bit tweenst us, and Sall, she didn't want to use hern fust, nor me mine. You see I had a spiggin' in one eend, and she in tother. So she takes a drink out'n my eend, and pays me the bit for it; and then I'd take un out'n hern, and give her the bit. Well, we's getting long fust-rate, till Dick, d——d skulking skunk, he bourn a hole on the bottom to suck at and the next time I went to buy a drink, they wurnt none thar.

T.—I'm sorry your whisky's all gone; but, my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?

S.—It's got no balance to it.

T.—I mean you don't play the whole of it.

S.—Stranger, can you play the fiddul?

T.—Yes, a little sometimes.

S.—You don't look like a fiddlur, but ef you think you can play any more onto that thar thune, you kin just git down and try.

(Traveler gets down and plays the whole of it.)

S.—Stranger, take a half dozen cheers and sot down. Sall, stir yourself round like a six horse team in a mud hole. Go round in the holler, whar I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Raise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the old black jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky; I know thar's some left yit. Till, drive old Bose out'n the bread tray, then cline up in the loft and git the rag that's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, give him some fodder, as much as he kir eat.

Til.—Dad, thar ain't knives enouff for to sot the table.

S.—Whar's big butch, little butch, ole case, eob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I handled yesterday? That's nuff to sot any gentleman's table, without you've lost um. D——n me, stranger, ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir.

S.—I'll be hanged ef you do tho', we don't have nothin' that way here, but Grub Hyson, and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetnin'. Play away, stranger, you kin sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T.—(After about two hours fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road that I'm to travel to-morrow?

S.—To-morrow! Stranger, you won't git out'n these diggings for six weeks. But when it gits so you kin start, you see that big sloo over thar? Well, you have to git crost that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two-acre and a half eorn-patch, the corn's mitely in the weeds, but you needn't mind that, jist ride on. About a mile and a half, or two miles, from that you'll come to the d——dest swamp you ever struck in all your travels; it's boggy enuff to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust-rate road about six feet under thar.

T.—How am I to get at it?

S.—You can't git at it nary time, till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyant, you come to a place whar thur's two roads. You kin take the right hand ef you want to, you'll foiler it a mile or so, and you'll find it's run out; you'll then have to come back and try the left, when you get about two miles on that, you may know you are wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll then think you are mighty lucky ef you kin find the way back to my house, whar you can come and play that thune as long as you please."

The above article was composed by Col. Edward Washburn, who resided at old Morristown and was a personal acquaintance of mine, and is referred to in my first article of History.—D. Porter West.

ARTICLE XVI

MUSTER ROLL OF CAPTAIN WEST'S COMPANY

MUSTER ROLL of Captain David Wests Company B, in the Battalion Regiment, (Brigade) of Arkansas Volunteers, commanded by Lt. Colonel William Gray called into the service of the United States by the President of the United States under the act of Congress approved May 13, 1846, from the First day of July, 1846, (date of this muster) for the term of Twelve months, unless sooner discharged.

1, David West, captain; 2, Stephen Rye, 1st lieutenant; 3, Newton W. Brown, 2nd lieutenant; 1, I. S. Ellis, sergeant, aged 28; 2, G. W. Wil-

liams, sergeant, aged 35; 3, T. B. West, sergeant, aged 21; 4, I. E. Duval, sergeant, aged 23; 1, Joseph Lewis, corporal, aged 43; 2, G. M. P. Williamson, corporal, aged 19; 3, I. K. Harkey, corporal, aged 21; 4, A. A. Dickson, corporal, aged 21; 1, Joseph Eno, musician, aged 35; 2, J. A. Vick, musician, aged 26; 1, I. K. Anthony, private, aged 20; 2, I. W. Augustine, private, aged 36; 3, Willis Benefield, private, aged 32; 4, I. P. Boon, private, aged 31; 5, John Brady, private, aged 25; 6, Isaac Brashear, private, aged 31; 7, I. F. Brigance, private, aged 21; 8, I. D. Brown, private, aged 21; 9, A. R. Bruton, private, aged 21; 10, I. C. Chambers, private, aged 33; 11, William Crouch, private, aged 23; 12, Solomon Crouch, private, aged 19; 13, Caleb Davis, private, aged 37; 14, James Davis, private, aged 26; 15, I. C. Dickson, private, aged 18; 16, T. G. Dillard, private, aged 22; 17, William Duval, private, aged 21; 18, Ryon Ellis, private, aged 28; 19, I. T. Fowler, private, aged 21; 20, Jacob Graves, private, aged 24; 21, Aaron Haire, private, aged 24; 22, James Hifley, private, aged 25; 23, Larkin Hill, private, aged 25; 24, Wiley Hillis, private, aged 23; 25, W. N. Hufstedler, private, aged 18; 26, I. P. Hufstedler, private, aged 19; 27, William Hulse, private, aged 20; 28, U. M. Johnson, private, aged 19; 29, C. I. Keiser, private, aged 18; 30, I. M. Kerndrick, private, aged 28; 31, W. C. Lane, private, aged 25; 32, William Lewis, private, aged 18; 33, T. I. Linam, private, aged 32; 34, T. I. Linton, private, aged 19; 35, Wesley Maddox, private, aged 42; 36, I. H. Marshall, private, aged 17; 37, W. M. Marshall, private, aged 20; 38, Hiram McEly, private, aged 44; 39, Clement Mobley, private, aged 20; 40, G. A. Neely, private, aged 26; 41, Hugh Nelson, private, aged 43; 42, William Nelson, private, aged 19; 43, Brown Ogle, private, aged 21; 44, W. N. Owens, private, aged 23; 45, I. M. Oliver, private, aged 23; 46, George Park, private, aged 22; 47, Jonathan Park, private, aged 24; 48, David Parish, private, aged 37; 49, G. I. Parish, private, aged 19; 50, Mark Prince, private, aged 24; 51, Isaac Reed, private, aged 21; 52, Charles Reed, private, aged 23; 53, I. W. Rye, private, aged 33; 54, I. G. Sevirs, private, aged 26; 55, Melvin Story, private, aged 18; 56, William Stout, private, aged 40; 57, A. C. Tatom, private, aged 20; 58, M. D. Tackett, private, aged 30; 59, W. M. A. Tedford, private, aged 19; 60, Jesse Taylor, private, aged, 17; 61, Washington Taylor, private, aged 26; 62, William Tomlinson, private, aged 26; 63, Alfred Vick, private, aged 23; 64, John W. Warner, private, aged 20; 65, Alexander Wheeler, private, aged 27; 66, George W. White, private, aged 36; 67, I. W. Whittle, private, aged, 19; 68, John Whittle, private, aged, 18; 69, I. S. Williams, private, aged 23; 70, W. M. Williams, private, aged 32; 71, G. S. Yates, private, aged, 25; 72, Elijah Yates, private, aged, 21.

All dead but five. This has been preserved 59 years by D. Porter West.

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